GLORIA.

A

POEM,

In Honour of

PIOUS MAJESTY,

Occasioned by the

Safe, Happy, and *Much-wish'd for* Return

OF OUR

DREAD SOVERAIGN LORD

King William.

By, Mr. *HOPKINS.*

Perituro Ingenio; Gloria Perennis.

LONDON, Printed for *H. Newman*, at the *Grey-Hound* in the *Poultry*. 1700.

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TO HIS
GRACE
JAMES Duke of
ORMOND, &c.

May it please Your Grace,

THE *Dedicating* Poet *has but one only Plea, whereby to Vindicate his Presumption againſt the various Cenſures of the World; and that I juſtly Claim, while I Addreſs your Grace.*

The Acknowledging Favours receiv'd, can never be imputed to me as a Crime, ſince the very looſeſt Senſe of Gratitude obliges all to pay it as a Duty.

A Duty it muſt be confeſs'd in thoſe, whoſe Merits and whoſe Services ſeem to Engage them; but in me, it were the utmoſt Baſeneſs not to return my humbleſt Thanks; in me, who have been in a ſingular manner greatly favour'd by your Grace, to whom, I have not yet had the Honour to be Perſonally known.

But indeed, whom is it your Grace inclines not to oblige? Your Goodneſs ſtoops as univerſally to the Wants of Mankind, as your Greatneſs ſoars above them. And unbyaſs'd by the Cuſtomary Opinion of the World, Your Grace is ſo far from believing a Man undeſerving, becauſe unfortunate, that his very Indigence in a great meaſure entitles him to your Protection. Vertue is often Ragged, tho' 'tis the true Nobility; yet ſo well, ſo juſtly your Grace diſtinguiſhes between Man and Man, that while I acknowledge your Grace's Favour to me, in that Acknowledgment I boaſt a ſeeming Merit.

This is your Grace's Character, and I'll be bold to ſay your Grace draws thence as true Nobility, as from your Illuſtrious Birth: Or, to run higher ſtill, from your yet more Illuſtrious Actions. Your Grace's Vertues can be ſhown by no Compariſon but of themſelves: They ſtand a full created Orb of real Grandeur, and poiz'd by their own centring parts, there needs no Pen, no Pillar to be rais'd to prop them. Cou'd Poetry diſplay your Grace, Great as you are, and generouſly Good, and truly Noble; tho' your tranſcendent Excellencies are univerſally acknowledg'd and admir'd; and it grows

thence

thence impossible I should be thought to dare attempt mean Flattery; yet 'tis not for me to undertake so great a Draught, for me, whose very Name stands with an Infamous Brand, as long as Letters live, accurst in Verse.

Hence I grow still more sensible of my presumptuous Acknowledgments, and fear my very Gratitude may render me the more Ingrateful.

But to whom should the Fame of Royal Nassaw be most dear, but to your Grace? for whose Glorious Intrests none has ventur'd more; and indeed, none had more to venture.

I shall only now beg leave to assure your Grace, you are not, you cannot be, more faithfully your King's, than I am

ORMOND, &c.

Your Grace's most Obliged,

and most Devoted

Humble Servant.

J. HOPKINS.

TO THE MUSE. A PINDARICK.

I.

SING Muſe, the Man, Muſe, praiſe the Godlike Man
And bid him welcome ore;
Welcome him Muſe to his own *Albion* Shore;
The lofty Trumpet of whoſe Fame,
Firſt blew thy daring Fancy to a Flame:
Soon as thy downy Flight began,
Rouz'd Thee to ſtretch thy unexperienc'd Wings,
To Mount, to Soar, and Sing
Triumphant Peace, the Conqueror and the King.

II.

Not now in queſt what Hero thou ſhalt raiſe,
Praiſe *Naſſau*, Muſe, *Naſſau* claims all thy Praiſe.
Mount, mount, and beat the Sky of Fame,
Bear on thy loaded Wings the weighty Name.

Up to the utmoſt Limits fly,
The utmoſt Limits of the Muſe's Sky,
Thro' the Aerial Regions of the Mind,
And leave dull Judgment, gravely ſlow, behind.

III.

How can thy trackleſs Courſe in Verſe be taught,
How in Judicious Method brought,
Notions unform'd, and Clouds of mifty Thought!
Where lightning Fancy, quick in Flaſhes breaks,
And paints the guilded way with gay diſcolour'd ſtreaks.

IV.

Strike, ſtrike my Muſe, bold, ſtrike the lofty Stars,
Once Mortal Heroes in Illuſtrious Wars;
There the great Name of *NASSAW* bear,
Exalted high, above all others far,
Mount the tranſcendant Sphere,
And fix, for ever fix it there.

V.

Thence thy unſhady Wings extend,
And thy ſtrong Courſe to thy own *Phœbus* bend:
Within the Luſt'rous Chariot of the *Sun*,
The Goddeſs *Gloria*'s Seat behold,
Where ſparkling Jewels deck the poliſh'd Gold.
Clap, clap thy Wings at her Immortal Throne,
Whoſe Regal Globe, unfix't, turns ever round,
On which no reſt for *Gloria*'s Feet is found.

VI.

Looſe, in a Garment of Cœleſtial Air,
Behold, behold, ſhe hovers there;

With Wings of Adamant she flys;
Her Face divinely bright,
Quick, tremulous Rays stream from her glowing Eyes,
And dazzle *Phœbus* Sight.

VII.

In her Right Hand she bears a Starry Crown,
Whose weight bends even her Arm, the Arm of *Gloria* down.
This Prize to *Nassau*, She shall thence transfer;
Nassau has purchas'd that by winning her.
Her other Hand a Golden Trumpet bears,
Which sets Heroick Souls on Flame,
And gives the Signal to the Trump of Fame.
Perch'd on her Head an Eagle fierce appears,
Which, whensoe'er the Noble Signal's given,
Shakes her strong Wings, and Soaring, Strikes at Heaven.

VIII.

Hark! hark! the lofty Charge She sounds.
And from her Sacred Stand,
Loe! How the glowing Goddess bounds,
Stretching to thee, Dread Muse! her loaded Hand.
Hark! Hark the Trumpets Voice — *Receive*
This Crown, she sounds, *and to thy Nassau give.*
Descend my Muse, thou *Gloria* be obey'd.
The Crown is *Nassau*'s, tho' not given, has paid.

TO THE KING.

WElcome, thrice welcome to thy happy Shore,
Albion, made happy by thy coming o'er.
Welcome again, while at thy safe Return
Thy People smile, who did thy Absence mourn.
Scarce from continu'd Welcomes can we cease,
Welcome--- as when at first thou brought'st us glorious Peace.
Blest be the smiling Surges of the Sea,
Which thro' their cleaving Bosom yield their way;
The Conscious Floods the Ocean's Lord obey.
Thy bosom'd Sails young sportive Zephirs beat,
And court thy waving Streamers in the Air.
The tuneful Air does to their Musick yield,
And the Waves dance along the watry Field.
Thy swelling Canvas seems the Winds to blame,
Swol'n not with Breezes, but the Breath of Fame.
Officious Winds! restrain your useless Gales,
Immortal Glory fills her Nassau's Sails,
Before thy Ship, Smooth spreads the Liquid Plain,
Down dost thou glide, down thy descending Main,
The happy Emblem of thy prosp'rous Reign.
The Vessel thus does with the Oceans flow;
So dost thou Rule us, condescending so;

With

With eaſie Pow'rs thy Beaks thro' Waters ſweep,
Thou cleav'ſt our Boſoms, as they cleave the Deep.
Short is thy Paſſage from the *Belgian* Port,
Short tho' it be, yet it appears not ſhort.
Behind thy Ship the conſcious Oceans roar,
Daſh their big rolling Waves ——
And urge their Monarch to his *Albion* ſhore.
Whilſt from *Batavia* thy ſwift Veſſel flies,
As *Belgia* leſſens, ſhall *Brittania* riſe.
Belgia and *Brittain* claim alike their Lord,
Both doſt thou Sway, and art in both ador'd.
Great is the love thy *Belgia* does expreſs,
Great tho' it be, yet is not *Brittain*'s leſs.
May thy bleſt Reign ſtill thus auſpicious prove,
Still live they Rivals in their Loyal Love.
Roll on ye Tides, ye ſwelling Surges roll,
Reviving *Albion* ſhall receive her Soul.
Now heave the watry Mountains of the Main,
And ſeem to feel, but with the Lover's pain,
The preſſing weight of Empire they ſuſtain.
Thus, when the Ark was o'er the Oceans hurl'd,
The Oceans groan'd beneath the gracious World,
The maſſy State of the whole World they bore,
Of the whole World which they had drown'd before.
When the *Almighty* his Creation made,
The vaſt Deſign was on the Waters laid,
On Mother *Deep* the forming Globe was laid,
And from her gloomy Womb ſprung the Light, active day.
The Sun, which round the Univerſe muſt ſhine,

Thus rose the World by the Creative Will,
And as at first 'twas form'd, 'tis Govern'd still.
Nassau, to Thee this secret Charge is given,
To Thee, the Darling Substitute of Heaven.
Like Justice Self, thou dost Heaven's Aims pursue,
Weild'st the strong Sword, and hold'st the Ballance too.
Thou, the vow'd Foe to the *Almighty*'s Foes,
Giv'st Bliss to *Europe*, to the World Repose.
Kingdoms, once Rivals, thro' their Fears agree,
Who offers Wrong, proclaims the War with Thee.
Thus their old Crowns the Heads of Monarchs wear,
Possest of Empire, not thro' Force, but fear.
Princes to Thee their Purple Honours owe;
From Thee, the Source of Majesty they flow.
Sheathing their Swords, their Sceptres they may use,
But weilding those, they must their Sceptres lose.
Thus, thus, behold the Glorious *Nassau* stands,
Monarchs, and Thrones, and Kingdoms he Commands,
Three on his Regal Head—
But Universal Empire in his Hands!
Thus Reign'd *Augustus*, thus his Sway was hurld,
Thus Ruling *Rome*, he over-rul'd the World.
Repine not *Albion*, let no Breath complain,
Jove does not ever on *Olympus* reign.
Where *Nassau* goes, his Fame, like Victory, calls,
His Tread must poize the partial pendent Balls;
The *Lord* of *Britain* Reigns the Lord of all.
As well we might at the Sun's Course repine,
The Sun, which round the Universe must shine.

Like his, diffusive is our *Nassaw*'s Light,
Present, 'tis Day, but when he leaves us, Night.
Like his, have *Nassaw*'s mighty Labours prov'd,
He ripens Fruits, when from our view remov'd.
Great! Good! and *Just!* What Pillars shall I raise?
Verse, dying Verse supports not *Nassaw*'s Praise.

The Invocation.

Whom shall I urge, whose happier Muse to sing,
Welcomes return'd to our returning King?
Shall *Dorset*, *Cutts*, shall *Montague* be Nam'd,
For Numbers Nobly as for Honours fam'd?
Hail, great *Triumvirate* of sacred Wit!
Great is your Fame, who have so greatly writ.
The noblest ends of Greatness you pursue,
The best of Poets, best of Patrons too.
What tuneful Muse, tho' soaring can rehearse
Which sweetest flows, your Bounty, or your Verse?
Both flow from Nature, unconstrain'd and free;
Praise you your *Nassaw*, be ador'd by me;
Parnassus Heads shall be reputed three.
On lasting Pyramids his Name be rais'd,
Praise God-like *Nassaw*, if he can be prais'd.
Weakly my Muse attempts in vain to rise,
Blasted by Fate, groveling, and low she lies,
Claps oft her sickly Wings—but never, never flies.
For Nobler Ends than fancy'd Praise you shine,
Not to be reach'd by any Muse—
At distance to be seen, rever'd by mine.
Shall *Congreve* rise? successful, high in Fame;
Congreve has gain'd, and he deserves a Name.
Unenvy'd rise, exert thy utmost skill,
And grow, tho' now the greatest, greater still.
In vain I court, as I admir'd in vain,
With Lover's Transport, yet with Lover's Pain.
Even *Nassaw*'s Fame, while I invoke, you flee,
Yet sure my Verse ne're injur'd ought—but me.
Let conscious Criminals for Crimes submit,
I should not guiltless bend---,
Were you your self Immortal as your Wit.
Rise *Congreve*, rise with thy unequal'd Charms,
And sing the Man, the God-like Man, and Arms,
Quit the false Promp, the shaddow'd Scene displays,
And make not Heroes, but the Hero praise.
Draw him, whose Glories Fancy's Beams out-shine,
The Hero, Great, Illustrious and like thine
The Hero, worthy of a Muse Divine.
Spread our Immortal *Nassaw*'s Actions far,
As Fam'd in Verse, as *Nassaw*'s self in War.

Of

Oft strikes thy Muse bright Fame's *Gerulean* Skies,
Yet art thou rising still, and still to rise.
Sill may you rise, still sublimely Soar,
Your Fame so much, till I can't wish it more.
My Muse mounts too, excited thus the sings;
As Wrens Tow'r high, born on the Eagle's Wings.
Pitcht for the Flight, bear Sir, aspiring bear
The Glorious *Nassaw* thro' the fiery Air.
Whilst on this Theam thy glowing thought shall dwell,
Excel---if possible, thy self excel.
Lose then thy pow'rs, thy strugling Genius lose,
The noblest *Hero* claims the noblest *Muse*.

Instructions to a Painter.

Before Thee there the ready Painter stands,
Inspire his Fancy, and inspire his Hands.
Thou *Nassaw*'s Glories to the Artist show,
So shall he paint, that all the Draught may know,
Nassaw, who seems Immortal, shall be so.
Paint him Triumphant ore the peaceful Ball,
And at his Feet let *Europe*'s Scepters fall.
Paint him Instructing Heroes in the Field,
Paint him at once War's Thunderbolt and Sheild.
Paint him unmov'd in Dangers and in Blood,
Yet paint him Mild, and mercifully good.
Behind this *Mars* let fierce *Bellona* stand,
But paint *Astræa* smiling in his Hand.
To him be every mortal Vertue given,
Paint him the Conqu'ror of the Earth---
Paint too the pious Hero Conqu'ring Heaven.
Beneath his Throne, let the Just Pencil draw
That ill fam'd Chief, who kept the World in awe.
Fix on the Ground *Macedo*'s weeping Eyes,
But fix the loftier *Nassaw*'s on the Skies
A future World this Monarch holds in view,
By pious force he shall that World subdue.
Abroad, he leading, we our Foes or'ecome,
And o'er our Selves grow Conquerors at home.
Whilst our own Will our Passions shall restrain,
He gives us each an Empire where to Reign.
What Pen, what Pencil strikes the vast Extent?
The *Godhead* can't be shaddow'd out by Poetry or Paint.

FINIS.